"The Kector's Garden" Proves a Dramatic Burial Ground.

feelings of so young an author as Byron Ongley. But the truth of the matter at the Bijou is that "The Rector's Garden" is filled with sentimental rub-You may rake it from beginning to end without finding anything of the slightest dramatic value,

The rector himself isn't a bad char-acter, if you happened to live in his parish you would probably say to yourself, "He's not a bad fellow-I'll go to hear him preach." And if you dozed off, like a leading member of the con-



William Courtenay as Felix Cooper. Felix goes from bad to Mr. Courtenay! First he's a bo gregation in the play, you could rest next a cad, and then a fool. The recassured that he would respect your

The ordinary Broadway sinner hates Blanche. He has just been appointed to go to the theatre and find himself Bishop of Montana when Felix calls in church. But the little chapel at upon him to explain a story of atthe Bijou is such a jolly place that tempted train robbery and his conyou are really glad to be there—any- nection with a gambling house before thing to escape from the garden, where he came East. The good man admits Blanche Cincioni has failen in love with that he did work in a saloon to keep the flowers before doing the same with the rector. Mr. Farnum and Mr. Courte- rob a train carrying gold from a mine nay do their best to straighten out her which had been stolen from him. After name for you, and then she goes over hearing his side of the story all but the garden wall, where she belongs, Felix agree that he will make a tipname and all. The Irish gardener calls top bishop.

The Dago," but you put her down This scene gives Mr. Farnum his innin your mental notebook as Miss Grace ings, and he makes the most of his Elliston, who, incidentally, is as bloom-small opportunity. Mr. Courtenay is ing as the rector's prize rose.

Like Eddte Foy, she goes to church on plete chump of himself by declaring Bunday. The sermon ends in snores, he will resign from the army rather and the congregation files out with than go away and give up Blanche to great animation, leaving a "comedy" the rector. But he is finally made to organist to do a "sketch" with a "charsee that he hasn't a fighting chance of winning her. Miss Elliston comes never like this. When this portion of out of the long squabble quite unthe entertainment is concluded the rec-tor comes in and picks up Blanche's The acting is fairly good, but "The handkerchief. He talks to it by the Rector's Garden' is beyond salvation.

CHARLES DARNTON.

Dustin FARNUM has a hard row to hoe in "The Rector's Garden." dow? Who indeed but William Courte-Why Manager Henry B. Harris nay, alias Felix Cooper, just graduated has set him to work at this hopeless from West Point and ready to fight task, after Robert Edeson gave it up for Blanche. He has asked her to go as a bad job months ago, may be none for a row on the river, but he can't of our business, but at any rate it's a find the oars, and he accuses the rector mystery worth mentioning. With three of having hidden them. He raises an plays dead on his hands already this ungodly row right there in the chapel. meason, Mr. Harris may have been look. He tells the rector that he is one part ing for a dramatic burial ground. In priest and two parts man of the world. any event, he has found one in 'The Think of that! Then he goes out to

> Dustin Farnum as Dr. Prince-Grace Elliston as Blanche Cincioni.

> his room Blanche climbs into the pulpit

to try her voice at preaching. Coming

down the steps she tears her skirt. The

rector tells her to go into his room; she will find pins there. In she goes.

Of course she must come out again. And of course she comes out just as

Felix comes in. And of course Felix takes a West Point view of the situa-

Felix goes from bad to worse. Poor

tor listens to accusations against him-

self, but he won't hear a word against

hope of spinning an interesting yarn.

How I Got

the Title

"Buffalo Bill"

on buffalo meat.

tracks and roadbed of the Kansas Padepends on your pony. In buffalo Off we went, lickety-split, trying to
cific Railroad. There was plenty of food
for them, such as it was. But they grew
tired of canned bCans and "salt hoss,"

depends on your pony. In buffalo Off we went, lickety-split, trying to
cut off the herd before it got away.
The buffaloes slowed down pretty soon.
Just then I ran across half a dozen. and wanted fresh meat once in a while. a little horse. He was so homely and mounted men. They were officers from Goldard, the contractor, was afraid he'd slabsided and crafty that I named him the fort and they were out on a bufon the plan of feeding the whole party on buffalo meat.

Brigham Young, after the old Morfalo hunt, They had struck the trail of the same herd I was following.

They were sprucely dressed and rode time. time.

hundred thousand in those days, and and nicknamed the weapon "Lucrezia," as I ambled up. and one or two of them they were about the cheapest and easi- after the Borgia woman in history who grinned. I suppose, with my old hunti had some skill at was so deadly and murderous.

\$500 a month, to supply him with 360 Then the buffalo herds drifted away bridle, I must have looked to them like and for a few days there wasn't a sign of them. One morning I sighted a herd travelling pretty fast, a long distance of fashion.

They galloped off. I took a short cut, to head off the herd as they came to a river to westward, for I knew us. Comstock and I rode together till buffalo. That was at the rate of twelve and for a few days there wasn't a sign a back country greenhorn. So they beseason, Mr. Harris may have been looking for a dramatic burial ground. In griest and two parts man of the world.

There was no great difficulty in finding travelling pretty fast, a long distance of the fing the found one in "The Rector's Garden."

Budding ambition is a tender thing, and it may seem cruel to wound the feelings of so young an author as Byfelings of Twelve hundred men were laying the They say in playing polo everything enough for the wise little horse. He "You won't get far with that old knew what was up as well as I did. plough horse," said another,

OTALES OF THE PLAINS

Buffaloes roamed the plains by the I bought a needle gun (breech-loading) showy horses. They nudged each other ing shirt and "chaps" and that slabhunting, so Goddard employed me, at For a long time luck was with me. sided little horse, with no saddle or

By Buffalo Bill

(William F. Cody.)

"I'll do my best," I answered. "Can This farred the friends of Bill Com-I go along with you?"

"Sorry, but we're in a hurry,"
lace. Bill Comstock claimed to be the laughed the first officer, "but if you greatest buffalo hunter in the whole can catch up with us in time we'll let West. There was a lot of talk, and the you take a shot at the buffalo after matter wound up by the planning of a we've killed them. Then you can tell the folks at home wan've shot one." the folks at home you've shot one." They galloped off. I took a short The

they were making for water. I got we came in sight of the first herd. to the river in time to turn them. The Then he attacked them on the reght and officers were just coming into sight as I on the left. I shot 18 to his 14. Then I began to shoot. I gave Brigham we came on a second and larger herd. a word, and he came alongside one of This time I shot 38 to his 23. Late in the nearest buffalo. I fired. Down the afternoon we sighted one of the

entire eleven. The last fell as the my favor. Total score, Cody, 125; Comofficers came into range. I never saw stock, 85. My title of "Buffalo Bill" was so surprised a crowd in my life. "Gentlemen," said I, "you can shoot But for a minute during that wild any of those eleven dead ones you hunt I was worried. You see, Brigham

came the buffalo and Brigham carried me along to the next. And so on, through the whole bunch.

There were eleven buffalo in all. I horse did his work as if he had a bu-By R. W. Taylor There were eleven buffalo in all. I horse did his work as if he had a buffalo twelve shots. Down came the man brain. The score was 69 to 48 in choose and tell the folks at home you've shot a buffalo."

Well, the story went the rounds, and one of the officers, when he heard my name, began calking min "Buffalo Bill."

had a way of getting disgusted and quitting (as many bird dogs do) if his master missed two snots in succession.

If I had happened to miss those two shots, another man would now be bearing tae name "Buffalo Bill."

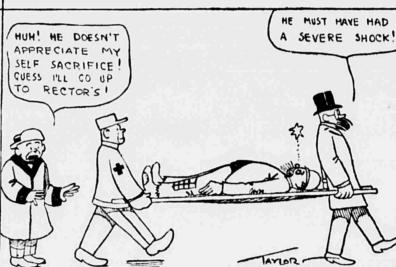
The Million-Dollar Kid











The Best

GEO. ADE IN EGYPT.

New Jokes

HAVE A LAUGH.

HEN George Ade wintered in Egypt," said a Belli

see the serious way in which his

hat she could not understand the Ara-

rowd Ade called gravely: 'It's your

66% 70U don't mean to say." re-

"Yes," replied Markley. "I had to to

"I don't understand; I thought you

marked Wise, "that you made

"It amused him a good deal

of the Day.

(Continued.)

She puts a spell on men. That Canadian surgeon, who never saw her beauty, is her to escort the little people to the as much her slave as ever Belden was.
She is Philip's wife, no matter what I say! Suppose he should desert me, and
May's arms went about the shrunken May's arms went about the shrunken o'd neck: "Great-dad! Oh, Great-dad, fling herself about and shriek and cry.

True, the doctor had once said to her that of course he would remarry her; that a man would be a cad who acted otherwise under the peculiar circum
dividual of the shrunken o'd neck: "Great-dad! Oh, Great-dad, inay we? Little fat pupples! Little live things, that can love us back! I will care for them, and train them very nicely! May we, Great-dad? Besides" stances—but she thought she heard a touch of self-approval in his voice, a tone of condescension, that turned her you for a little dog for us-wasn't she, red from head to foot.

Discomfort.

others were forlorn and uncomfortable. we have the pupples?" The servants were captious and quarrel- "Great Julius Caesar! Who said you some. Prof. Kelth was harassed with were not to have them?" growled the a constant cough. May's face was wan old gentleman. It will be all right, I and white from unceasing grief, and think, Clutterbuck, to take them over

Egypt," said a Baltimorean, the children might have had a cold as me nicely." bad as the professor's. She had brought "God Bless Her!" up hot smoothing-irons, and had dried

up all this filmsy knowledge in a week or two's reading, but they acted as or two's reading, but they acted as There was no plane for practice as though it was the precious fruit of a lifetime's study. At Assouan a young woman from St. Joseph complained Little Philip once or twice a day buried Little Philip once or twice a day buried Little Philip once or twice and contained the property of the pr Little Philip once or twice a day buried hat she could not understand the Ara-bic of her guide. To the crowd that his head in his beloved Daffy-May's mistakes owing to excitement. "God ble of her guide. To the crowd that appears to fall, and cried in sheer misery. Then a bent old fellow with a white beard—and she said bitterly that, after her and she said bitterly that, after her horough study of Arabic, it seemed and Olive's indifference, went prowling take them away with her for all me! trange that she and this guide could in the coliar, and finding a rust old Didn't I see her buy them with sufferot converse. From the rear of the wreck of a furnace, with a cracked ing, and nearly pay for them withbowl, without hesitation or word to with death? They belong to her fast

marked Wise, "that you made as it was held to be a promise of com-a present of that \$5 to Borrow-fort to come. Shortly after she had removed all

signs of encounter with the ancient furnace Clutterbuck noticed a stelld looking shook-headed ind lottering about a rear grape arbor, and she went out to meet him.

Immediately he asked her if she was

"No, I ain't, you donkey! But I'm Mrs. Cutterbuck, and what's that to

"Where is the lady that gave you

THE NEW EAST LYNNE

By Clara Morris

Author of "Stage Life," "A Pasteboard Crown," and Others. (Copyrighted, 1907, by Clara Morris.) | Woods' cottage. If you go around to

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Daphne, beautiful wife of Dr. Philip Keith, it's a good long way to walk. But if home. Although innocent, she is made to appear at fault, and Philip believes her guilty. Having escaped, she is returning home. When her train is weared. Then the contract time." you go across the old orchard, and get home, when her train is wrecked. Daphne is badly injured and is disfigured for life. Through an official blunder she is thought Through an official blunder sale is thought to be dead. Philip marries his ward, Olive Marr. Daphne's little boy and girl are for-bidden to mention their mother's name. Old Prof. Keith, Philip's grandfather, is the only one of the family who believes the missing wife innocent. Five years later, disguised as an old woman, and calling herself "Mme. Varide," Daphne secures a position as gov-erness to her own children. The Professor learns her secret, but respects it. Olive is furious at the children's devotion to the governess, but Philip refuses to discharge attracted toward the disguised Daphne Clutterbuck, the old family cook, recognises Daphne, but remains silent. Daphne's Keith, carrying a steaming bowl of little daughter, too, suspects the governers's identity. Olive unmasks Daphne. Philip a slumsy good will, as a sacrifice to orders his former wife from the house. In his coid, that he straightway drank despair Daphne takes legal steps to estabher rights. In this she is aided by Dr. McNabb, an elderly Canadian, who has often befriended her. The Keiths move to their country place at Highlands. Dapime fol-lows them secretly, to be near the children. Olive is bitterly jealous of her.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Leap to Death.

own fault, Miss Hodson. You should any one, she proceeded to make a fire—have hired a younger guide. These toothless old ones all speak gum

Arabic."

This your bow, with the research of the same and a dirty job it was. That the pipes toothless old ones all speak gum were red with rust meant nothing to her. That evening Dr. Keith came up by a train that just saved his dinner. "Why, her. That the registers might be full I'm sure you're very snug hers, after of fuff and dust never occurred to her. all. There was at first considerable wood "Yes." answered Olive, crossly; "we smoke through the house, but it soon have been snug enough to keep our cleared away, and no one complained, teeth from rattling for about four hours."

JUST LIKE RICH FOLKS.

you once?" He plunged deep into a pocket and brought out a rather damaged locking note, It was signed Ma-

"But can I get over the wall?" she asked uneasily. He grinned as he nodded his head "There's a place where it's low, and

has a step too, just same as doorsteps, and she's had some whitewash put on them to show you to the right place."
"Tell her then I'll come the first minute I can manage to-morrow. Tell her that right now, and I'll pay you somethin to-morrow." He nodded, and

turning, made his way back toward the neglected orchard, and disappeared, Then she donned an all concealing white apron and sought Professor herb-tea, which she offered with such the nearly scalding potion with genuine gratitude and allowed May to spread a rug about his trembling limbs.
Then Clutterbuck laid before him the

information that a decent woman not far away owned a dog that had a fine litter of pupples at about the weaning age. (May and Philip together gasped ecstatically as one child.) And the decent woman thought Miss May and Master Philip might like to see them. or perhaps choose one or even two for souse-pans to ask if he would permit

Phillip nodded, and with features And while she tormented herself the "If we can't have her back, why can't

and white from unceasing grief, and the speak to your 'decent friend's' to-morrow.

Only be sure the pupples are healthy. But for Clutterbuck's watchful care Thank you for the tea, it has warmed

fellow fourists took their smattering of the Arabic tongue. They had picked and warmed the two little beds thorthe Arabic tongue. They had picked oughly and had shut off all possible throats, and as an expression of their own great joy, they gave a lead pencil to Scissors, who bowed and chuckaed.

Downstairs, Clutterbuck made many

(To se Continued.)

Not Wisely; Too Well.

By Cora M. W. Greenleaf Meanwhile giving all, Is a love that exhibits

Better claim a return. However you feel. And thus insure getting

His Rival Is Jealous.

Dear Betty:

AM eighteen and deeply in love with a girl of seventeen, and she con-

fesses that she loves me. Another young man is deeply in love with her also, and persists in paying attention to her. He is of a very jealous disposition and threatens to enlist in the navy because his love is not returned. What shall I do?

AM engaged to a young laidy who insists on being very friendly with a young man employed by the same

TAKE can of best pumpkin, stew down until two-thirds remain, a young man employed by the same

why bother about the other man? If quite often, and she always denied it.

your love affairs progress smoothly his
jealousy should not disturb you. However, you are too young to love and
should turn your attention to books and work instead of girls.

A Rude Suitor.

I have known about two months. man. Whenever he makes an appointment with me he very seldom keeps ft. Give Her Up. When I ask him why he disappoints me he always says he had to study, as he sees to college. Do you think I are wasting my time with him, and do you skating rink recently and, as I he always says he had to study, as he goes to college. Do you think I am

e does? HEARTBROKEN.
The young man is extremely rude. He cannot have a very deep affection for you or he would not treat you in that way. I think you are wasting

Too Young for Boys.

AM seventeen and am in love with a young fellow one year older than myself. Is it proper for me to pay any attention to him, as I know he loves me?

You are too young to pay attention to boys or to know what love is. Your time would be better employed in reading instructive books or exercising than in thinking yourself in love.

A Lonely Youth.

riend. Can you advise me how to beme better acquainted? LONELY. You might join a settlement club, where there are many nice girls who would probably be glad to offer friendship to a lonely young man.

She Likes Two Men. Dear Betty:

Tell the young lady she must choose three ordinary sized pies. between you and the other man, as you will not share her affections with an- Care for Jelly Glasses. AM seventeen and am deeply in love with a young man eighteen whom other. In this way you give her the opportunity of breaking the engageother. In this way you give her the opportunity of breaking the engagement if she so desires, which is much A soon as jelly glasses are emptied wash carefully and refit covers. Take off covers, pack glasses in

Dear Betty: think he really loves me, as he says couldn't skate, she came to me with another fellow and ordered me to go do anything. I have given this young

another man, and showed no considera- Pctato Mucilage. tion for your feelings. She will probably return the presents when the friendship ceases.

Their First Trip. Safety Shelves.

Europe," remarked the friend who met them at the pier. "Did pie plates from the pier is shelves and the pier is shelves and the pier."

"Not all of them." replied Mrs. Back-Dear Betty:

The AM twenty-two and know only a few girls. The time goes very slowly, and I would like very much to meet we have down to home."—Chicago News. woods, with a reminiscent sigh, "but

Things for Women

Home Hints

to know.

Pumpkin Pie.

As the young lady returns your love.

As the young lady returns your love.

As the young lady returns your love.

firm. I have spoken to her about it legs thoroughly, add two cups granutively bother about the other man? If

There is only one fault with this young more gentlemanly than breaking it paper boxes wide enough for two yourself.

There is only one fault with this young yourself.

There is only one fault with this young yourself. and set on high pantry shelf. When needed, glasses and covers are clean and reacy for use.

good sized lemon; ginger root, one ounce; white sugar, one and home, as I was a dunce and couldn't one-half pounds; water, two and onehalf gallons; yeast, one gill. Slice lemdo anything. I have given this young lady some very valuable presents. What would you advise me to do? Give her up we learn to skate?

T. F.

Give her up. She did very wrong to speak to you in that manner before to days it will be fit to use.

COLD boiled potato will take the A COLD bened potate for pasting place of mucilage for pasting small articles. Cut in half and rub over desired surface. keep kattle covers and galvanized

pie plates from dropping from three laths and two slats about one Her Ladyship-And his omelette?

The Last Item on the Menu.



shelves and tables in pantry get Her Ladvship-Have you given Fido his soup?

Buttons-Yes 'um. Buttons-Yes 'um.

inch and a half thick and eighteen inches long. Nations lath at the end of slats on either end, forming the bottom; the two remaining laths about four inches apart. Nail it anywhere it would be contained. It will give ample space

Her Ladyship—And his omelette?

Buttons—Yes 'um.

"Well," responded his friend, "when inches apart. Nail it anywhere it would be contained. It will give ample space

Ladyship—And his omelette?

Buttons—Yes 'um.

Buttons—Yes 'um.

Buttons—Yes 'um.

"Well," responded his friend, "when is the lady that gave you can truthfully say the this? How can I find her?"

Ladyship—And his omelette?

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Ladyship—And his omelette?

Buttons—Yes 'um.

Buttons—Yes 'um.

Buttons—Yes 'um.

"Well," responded his friend, "when is the lady that gave you can truthfully say the this? How can I find her?"

"Huh! easy enough! She's at the

SAVING HIMSELF.

ave my own self-respect.

"So I did, not knowing any better. But now I don't want anybody to believe I was ever foolish enough to expect Mrs. Clatterback. it back."-Catholic Standard and Times.

carried only small amounts dame Varide. Flushing and trembling. Clutterbuck

HE love that asks nothing No wisdom at all.

A fair and square deal.

We may get our full value From the hour of our birth, So if you get nothing. It's all you are worth